One Good Deed

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Summary

Teenage Hannibal Lecter is helped by a young boy after he miscalculated his stamina, Hannibal decides to follow the boy and repay him.

Chapter 1

Hannibal sighed heavily, he had gotten ahead of himself this time…

He had been so preoccupied with planning and setting this up that he hadn't realized he'd forgotten to eat, now he sat against the wall of a dingy building in the slums, trying to regain the energy he needed to get home.

He raised a blood splattered hand with a sigh, noting the shaking in his fingers. *This wasn't good…*

"Mister? Are you ok?"

Hannibal's head jerked up at the voice, a small boy stood in front of him, large blue eyes and dark curls seemed almost shocking against the boy's pale skin, he couldn't be much younger than Hannibal himself was, maybe 6 or 7 years difference, but the boy was so small, malnourished… wearing shorts and a t-shirt with a light jacket, much too light for the fall weather.

The boy was staring at him, a small crease of worry between his eyebrows.

Before Hannibal could reply, the boy suddenly plopped down beside him, Hannibal watching in surprised confusion as the boy opened his backpack.

The backpack was old, battered, probably hadn't been replaced in years. Inside, Hannibal saw a few picture books, a stuffed animal dog, an extra shirt, pants, underwear and socks, and with that, a jar of peanut butter, and several packages of crisps.

The boy pulled out one of the bags of crisps and held it out to Hannibal with a soft smile, "Here."

Hannibal blinked, surprised, it seemed like this boy didn't have much, but he still was willing to share it with him?

"You need food, right?" The boy asked, "It's ok, they're good."

Hannibal took the bag slowly, he wasn’t hugely enthused about eating the processed food, but he needed something and beggars wouldn't be choosers, he opened it and began eating.

"My name's Will." The boy said, opening his own bag of crisps, "I'm running away."

Hannibal looked at the boy, Will, in surprise, telling a stranger that? Then again, it's not like Hannibal would be going to the authorities like this…

"Hannibal." He said softly.

Will smiled up at him, "Nice to meet you, Hannibal."

They ate together for a while before Will sighed softly, hugging his knees slightly.

Hannibal didn't want to pry, but he felt compelled to ask, "What's wrong?"

Will looked up at Hannibal again before looking back at his knees, "I'm scared… I'm scared to be alone, but I'm scared to go home… my pa is…" he buried his face in his arms with a soft sigh that could almost be a sob.

Hannibal was silent for a moment before saying softly, "What's your favorite story?"

Will looked up at him again with a slight sniffle, "S-Snow White and Rose Red…" he replied.

Hannibal was surprised that Will knew that story, let alone it be his favorite. But he continued, "Do you think the girls were scared when they let the bear come into their home? Or when they met the screaming dwarf?"

Will nodded slightly.

"Yes, they were scared, but they did what they had to anyway." Hannibal said softly, looking at Will with a soft smile, "Things can be scary sometimes, but sometimes, they can lead to something better…"

Will looked thoughtful for a minute before nodding slightly, "I… think I understand…" he stood, pulling his backpack on again, "I'm gonna go home. I can't just run away…"

Will smiled softly at Hannibal and Hannibal, for a startled moment, saw a different child, her blonde curls hanging around her plump rosy cheeks and her blue eyes full of love.

Mischa…

Hannibal snapped himself out of it as Will walked away, Hannibal stood and followed slowly, worried.

Worried? You barely know him, it it just because he looks like-

Hannibal shook off the thought, he just wanted to check on the boy, that's all…

Hannibal followed Will silently, at a distance of course, until the boy went into an old trailer home that looked like it should be condemned.

Hannibal sighed softly and was about to leave, feeling foolish, when he heard a shout from inside and a cry of pain.

Hannibal rushed to one of the filthy windows and peered inside, hearing everything through the thin walls and the cracked window.

"Thought you could just disappear like that on me, brat?!" A large man yelled, throwing punch after punch at the little curled form on the floor.

"Thinking you can leave the chores undone, no dinner made, and no booze bought?!" The man seemed to finally tire and gave up punching, only to land a hard kick that sent the boy across the floor, coughing.

"Get out of my sight." The man growled, "no dinner, you have twice as much work in the morning."

Will slowly got to his feet and shuffled into a back room, then the man closed the door, locking it from the outside.

Hannibal turned and moved away, knowing exactly what he would do…

That night, Hannibal drove to the house, he was only 15, but he looked older, and most people didn't bother asking.

He parked the car outside and slowly snuck inside, the man was passed out in his armchair, snoring louder than a chainsaw.

Hannibal silently tied the man's legs and wrists, then grabbed the man by the neck.

The man's eyes flew open and he jerked in the chair, "Who the-"

Hannibal gripped the man's jaw, jerking it open and shoving a thick rubber tube down the man's throat.

The man jerked and tried to twist away, but Hannibal held firm until the tube was pushed down to the man's stomach, then Hannibal grabbed the funnel he had brought with him and put it on the end of the tube, then Hannibal grabbed the first bottle he had brought and began to pour the whiskey down the tube.

The man gargled a protest as he struggled against the tight ropes, but Hannibal kept pouring.

Once that bottle was gone, he grabbed the next, continuing until he could see the whiskey slowly climbing up the tube and the man had gone still.

Hannibal stopped, pulling the tube out slowly and checking the man's neck, no pulse.

Hannibal cut the ropes from the man and moved to the room, unlocking it and moving in.

Hannibal stared, the room was small and empty, a cardboard box in the corner held a few ratty clothes and Will lay on a small mattress, covered with an old tattered blanket and hugging the small dog stuffed animal, tear stains across his cheeks and his eyes closed.

Hannibal moved over to him and knelt down. Will jerked awake, eyes wide and terrified, he blinked away the sleep and sat up, rubbing his eyes, "H-Hannibal…?" He asked softly.

Hannibal smiled at him, "yes, would you like me to take you away from here?"

Will looked surprised, but he nodded quickly, "W…will I have to…come back…?"

Hannibal shook his head, "No. You never have to come back if you don't want to."

Will smiled and nodded, "I wanna leave. I wanna leave with you."

Hannibal smiled and gathered Will's smaller form into his arms, Will snuggled close, hugging his dog.

"Here," Hannibal said softly, his hand moving to Will’s hair to gently press Will's face into his shoulder, "promise me you'll keep your head down, alright? I don't want you to look."

Will nodded slightly again, "Ok…" he said softly.

Hannibal smiled, "You're such a brave boy. I'm proud of you." He walked out of the room, not sparing another glance at the shit stain of a man, he carried Will out to the car and put him gently in the passenger seat.

Will was wide eyed as he looked at the fancy car. Hannibal buckled Will's seatbelt and gathered a blanket from the backseat and wrapped it around Will, who seemed surprised by the warm softness. Will looked up at Hannibal, "Th-thank you…" he said softly.

Hannibal smiled again, "Rest, Will…" he said softly, "I'll keep you safe now, you're safe with me."

Will smiled and hugged his dog, his eyes closing as he relaxed.

Hannibal moved around the car, started, and drove off, to his home, with his princess.

Chapter 2

Will sighed softly and sat up, stretching and smiling at the sun outside.

"Good morning, Winston." Will said, smiling at the dog laying in his bed near the door.

Winston wagged his tail and grinned at Will.

Will got up and quickly showered and dressed before hurrying downstairs, Hannibal was just gathering his briefcase to head to work, he looked up and smiled at Will.

"Just in time!" Will said happily, running forward into Hannibal's open arms, "I thought I'd missed you again this morning."

Hannibal stroked Will's curls gently, "You needed the sleep, love." He said softly.

It had been almost fifteen years since Hannibal had met little Will Graham and saved him from his abusive father, they had lived together and their relationship had slowly evolved.

At first, Hannibal let Will have one of the guest rooms, knowing he might have trouble being close to someone after what had happened to him, but soon enough, Will began arriving at the door to Hannibal's bedroom around midnight, clutching his little dog and looking scared. Hannibal would let Will in and he would sleep curled against Hannibal's side.

The nightmares continued for a few nights before Hannibal asked if Will wished to just come sleep with Hannibal that night. Will beamed and nodded, that night, he crawled into bed with Hannibal, snuggling close and sighing softly.

"Thank you…" he said softly, "you make me feel safe…"

Hannibal didn't know what to say, so he gently stroked Will's curls until he fell asleep before falling asleep himself.

This quickly became their life. Will slept with Hannibal each night as they grew. Soon after, Will learned more of what Hannibal did, however, he didn't seem to mind it.

"You only hurt mean people, right?" Will asked softly, "like my Pa… people like that… the world is better off without them…"

Hannibal hired tutors to teach Will, who turned out to be rather intelligent and had an amazing memory. Hannibal would also teach Will himself, teaching him medicine and languages, including French, Italian, and Lithuanian.

Once they were older, they grew closer, soon becoming inseparable, Will helped Hannibal plan his kills, though he didn't join him often as his wild curls were harder to control and therefore could leave evidence.

Hannibal sighed softly, coming back to the present and pulling back from the hug, "I am sorry, Will. But I must go. There is breakfast on the warming tray in the kitchen."

Will nodded, leaning up and kissing Hannibal's cheek, "Have a good day, alright?"

Hannibal smiled and nodded, "I will, love. See you tonight."

Hannibal left and Will moved to eat his breakfast. A knock at the door surprised Will, most everyone knew Hannibal's work schedule, who would be coming to his house now?

Will opened the door, looking at the larger dark skinned man standing there, "Can I help you?" Will asked politely.

The man seemed surprised by Will, but he quickly seemed to composed himself, "I'm looking for Doctor Lecter…"

Will shook his head, "Hannibal is at the office right now, would you like to leave a message?"

The man pulled out a business card and handed it to Will, "Just let him know I need to talk to him." He said gruffly.

Will looked at the card curiously, Jack Crawford… FBI BSU…

"May I ask who you are?" The man, Jack, asked, "I don't recall Doctor Lecter ever mentioning anyone else living here."

Will looked up at the man again, "William Lecter." He said, holding out his hand.

Jack shook his hand firmly, though he seemed surprised by Will's answer. "Nice to meet you."

Will nodded with a polite smile.

"Well, I guess I'll be going," Jack said, nodding "have a good day."

"You as well." Will replied before closing the door.

Will gave the card to Hannibal when he returned and told him the conversation.

Hannibal nodded slightly, thinking it through before smiling, "You did well, Will."

Will smiled happily, he liked when he could do something good for Hannibal.

Things were quiet for a day or so, when another knock came at the door.

Will opened it to find Jack standing there, looking angry.

"Agent Crawford, how can I help you?" Will asked.

"May I come in?" Jack asked gruffly.

Will was surprised, but he stepped aside and let the large man in, "Can I get you something to drink?" He asked, gesturing to the den.

"Sure, thanks." Jack grunted, sitting down in one of the armchairs.

Will moved to the kitchen and gathered the glasses and poured some wine, he moved back into the den and held one out to Jack before sitting beside Winston on the couch.

"How can I help you, Agent Crawford?" Will asked, setting his own glass on a coaster on the table.

Jack drank his entire glass in one go.

Rude… Will thought.

"You aren't William Lecter, are you…" Jack said softly.

Will blinked, "What?" He asked in confusion.

"You aren't William Lecter." Jack said, pulling a photo from his pocket, turning it to show Will "You're Will Graham. You've been missing for years."

The photo was one of Will and his mother, it was the one that had been used for her missing persons report back then…

"No, I am William Lecter." Will said, shaking his head slightly.

"I know that's what you think…" Jack said softly, still gruffly, but apparently attempting to sound kind, "but it's not true. You are Will Graham, and-"

"I am William Lecter." Will said firmly, lifting his left hand to show his silver and gold wedding band.

Jack blinked in surprise, his mouth opened as he had readied to continue his argument, but now he was struck dumb.

"If that's all you needed," Will said softly "I would like you to leave now."

Jack frowned, looking angry, "No, it's not. I need to look around."

Will stood, "No, you don't. You have no warrant, and I want you to leave."

Winston, sensing Will's agitation, began to growl at the large man.

Jack stood with a growl, "I have reasonable cause! Doctor Lecter is living with a long term missing person and I am going to search the premises." He turned to move into the hall.

CRASH!

Jack crumpled, Will stared at his still form, the heavy bookend still in his hand, quickly, he grabbed his phone.

Hannibal was surprised when the phone at his desk rang, he kept that line in case of emergency with his patients, but it rarely rang.

"Excuse me a moment, Franklin." Hannibal said softly, standing, "that is my emergency line."

Franklin nodded quickly, "O-of course."

Hannibal moved over and answered, "Lecter."

"Hannibal, we have a problem."

Hannibal looked down at the unconscious agent, "You said he knew who you were?" He asked softly.

Will nodded, "He said it was probable cause and he was going to search the house… I… I didn't know what to do…"

Hannibal sighed softly, shaking his head slightly, "Darling, remember what I told you we would do if someone found us?"

Will nodded, "Yeah, I'm ready."

Hannibal smiled and nodded, "Alright, let's get started."

Will moved to the bedroom, gathering clothes and their bonds and other money, packing them and getting Winston into his travel crate.

When Will returned to Hannibal, he was giving the still unconscious Jack a dose of anti-anxiety medicine.

"You're hoping for memory loss?" Will asked, seeing the label.

Hannibal smiled gently, "We can certainly hope. Come."

They took Jack to the cabin they had and lowered him into one of the unused wells and left him, placing Jack's phone in the only place in the cabin that had the service to ping it.

Then they went to the airport.

Hannibal and Will settled into a lovely home in Florence and Hannibal began working at a large museum, Will began working in a sweet little bookshop off the square, life was good and happy, they lived well and they would take trips to Baltimore to preform their sounders together.

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